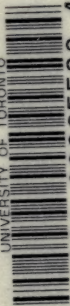


MOODS  
AND  
MEMORIES

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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1907

BY  
R. HENDERSON  
BLAND

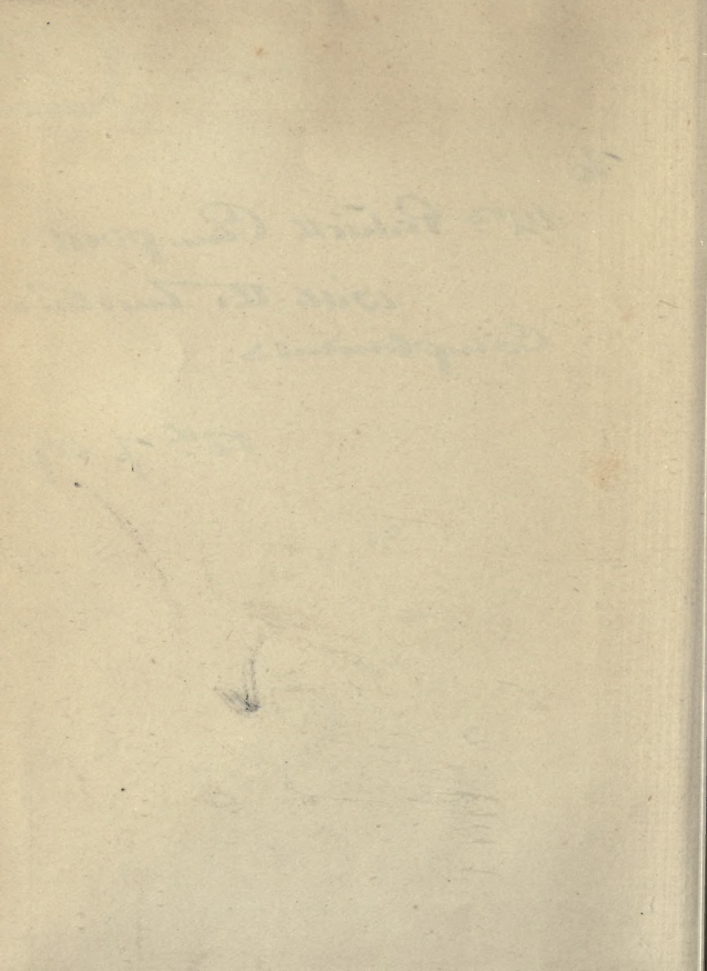
Block 3,  
Shelf 1.

To

Mrs Patrick Campbell  
with the Author's  
Compliments.

13<sup>th</sup> 7. 07.

307



## POEMS BY R. HENDERSON BLAND

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### Some Press Opinions of a previous volume of Verse.

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**The Times.**—"He has much of the right matter in him. In this book—mainly one of songs and sonnets, with a longer love poem of considerable merit called 'Waves Shoreward Roll'—the thought, if not brilliantly original, is always on a high plane; the diction aims, not without success, at the grave, the dignified, and the polished; and though clearly a student of the best poets, Mr. Bland is not an imitator of any of them, and this gives promise for his future."

**The Literary World.**—"Mr. Bland offers good work in this small volume of poems. He has a true lyrical gift, a wholesome philosophy of life, and at times vigour and felicity of expression that make it a real pleasure to follow his verse. His volume consists of songs, sonnets, and a longer piece, entitled, 'Waves Shoreward Roll,' which contains many passages of sustained strength and beauty."

**The Academy and Literature.**—"Mr. Bland has very tolerable accomplishment of form. . . . In one poem he imitates with no little dexterity the style and outward form of Coventry Patmore's Odes, even to the mannerisms of diction."

**The Daily News.**—"Verse that is accomplished and at times distinguished."

**The Morning Post.**—"Mr. Henderson Bland's little book of poems has something of the atmosphere, but he writes with a rather portentous seriousness."

**Scotsman.**—"Always graceful and cultured."

**Glasgow Herald.**—"He writes with some eloquence, and not without dignity and restraint. . . . He has an ear for a fine phrase or a sounding line."

**Outlook.**—"An excellent collection of verses."

**The Tatler.**—"Mr. Bland, who has done some excellent work with Mr. Tree, is full of great admirations, and has written the best volume of verse of any English actor I can remember. He has a high seriousness which one does not associate as a rule with the playhouse in this country."

**The Tatler** (*second notice*).—"Such brilliant sonnets."

**The Bookman.**—"One remembers, on reading Mr. Bland's poems, that in every poet, it has been said, there is something of the woman. Thoughtful, varied, tuneful is this little book. It is also rather voluptuous in style and occasionally obscure—not so much in expression as in meaning."

**The Sussex Daily News.**—"Mr. Bland has a very decided note of his own, and that note is assuredly poetic. It would be hazardous, from these specimens of his inspiration, to predict how far he may go, but it is certain that the voice of an authentic poet is heard in this little volume."

**Lloyd's Weekly.**—"He has elegance with imagination, and his verses are melodious and very pleasant reading."

**The Sporting Times.**—"One has only to scan a few pages of this dainty little collection to see that the writer is head and shoulders above the ordinary producer of verse. . . . The little volume is written in true poetic spirit, and by a finished scholar."

**Land and Water.**—"To those of similar temperament, much pleasure will be given by a perusal of this little book of verses."

**The Era.**—"The poems in the volume under notice prove that he can write graceful and melodious verse."

**The Stage.**—"Mr. Henderson Bland writes with ease, fluency and considerable felicity of diction, and there is decided merit in this small collection."

**Brighton Herald.**—"A writer of high literary gifts and earnest endeavour. His volume of poems has abundantly proved that he possesses the true poetic instinct."

**Irish Times.**—"A little volume of delightful verses."

# MOODS AND MEMORIES

BY  
R. HENDERSON BLAND



LONDON:  
GREENING & CO., LIMITED.

1907

Uniform with this  
Volume.  
THE DEAD GOD,  
by  
JAMES BLACKHALL.  
2s. 6d. net.

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6003  
L46 M6  
1907



1153590



**DEDICATED**

TO

**Mrs. Patrick Campbell.**



REPLACEMENT

FOR THE

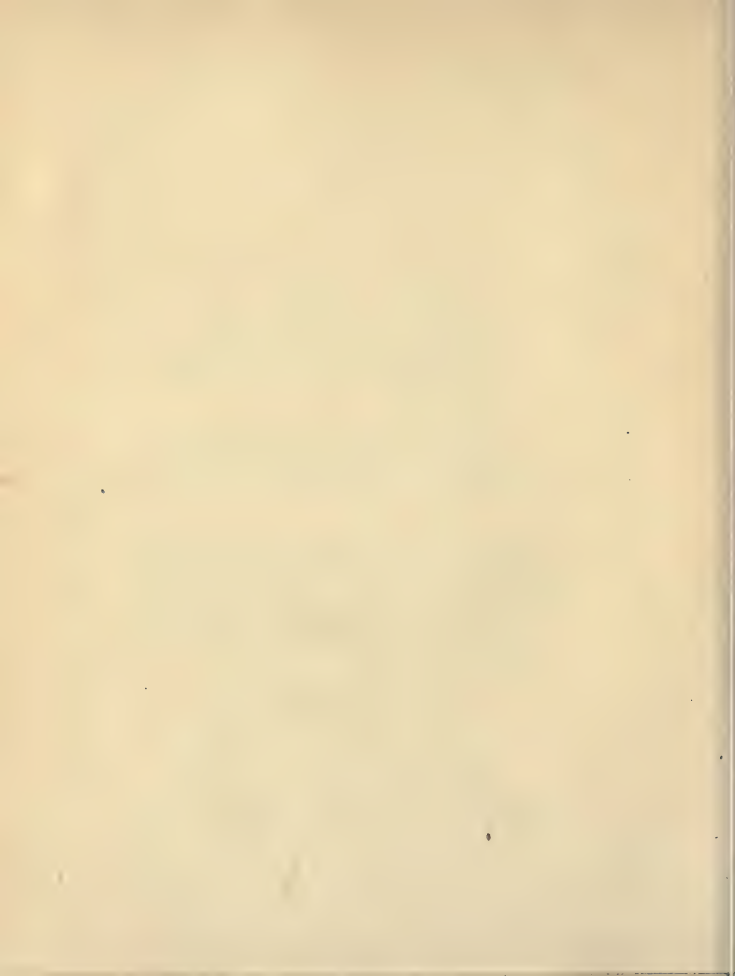
OF

"All Art is the Expression of some Emotion, and has for its object the production of Emotions."—BRANDES.

"We have left behind us the noble wrong-headedness of the Platonic depreciation of Pleasure ; we are even past the stage when it might seem necessary to plead humbly and with bated breath for its *locus standi*." (*History of Criticism*).—SAINTSBURY.

"A poem is that species of composition which is opposed to works of Science by proposing for its immediate object pleasure not truth." (*Biographia Literaria*).—COLERIDGE.

"Goethe was the last man to disdain the rich experience of centuries, the last man to imagine ignorance was an advantageous basis for a poet to stand upon, but he was too thoroughly an artist not to perceive the insufficiency of abstract theories in the production of a work of Art, which should be the Expression of real Experience."—G. H. LEWES.



## TRISTRAM TO ISEULT.

“In the court of his uncle King Marc, the king of Cornwall, who at this time resided at the Castle of Tyntagil, Tristram became expert in all knightly exercises. The king of Ireland, at Tristram’s solicitations, promised to bestow his daughter Iseult in marriage on King Marc. The mother of Iseult gave to her daughter’s confidante a philtre, or love-potion, to be administered on the night of her nuptials. Of this beverage Tristram and Iseult, on their voyage to Cornwall, unfortunately partook. Its influence, during the remainder of their lives, regulated the affections and destiny of the lovers.”

—*History of Fiction.* DUNLOP.

### I.

THE sudden flame that stole into your face,  
And lit your beauty even as a smile,  
When my lips slowly sought the self-same place  
Where you did consecrate this cup erewhile,  
A herald was proclaiming Passion’s reign.  
I drank the wine and knew the hopeless pain—  
That bliss in Hell of loving where to love means shame.

## II.

Your sweet lips quivered as lips will when stricken  
By grief or joy not nameable, intense ;  
And in your eyes I saw mists merge and thicken—  
For passion pierced your body's subtlest sense—  
When to my outstretched arms you swayed as one  
By sorrow smitten, or by joy undone,  
And yielded up your lips and grievousness was not.

## III.

With no light laugh your lips were yielded, dear.  
'Twas no light thing your unkissed mouth to yield.  
Your face uplifted spoke of perfect fear  
When with closed eyes you learnt what love could  
wield.  
O perfect mouth ! is it less perfect now,  
Less worthy praise, because you did allow  
Stained lips to be where no small stain had ever been ?

## IV.

I love you well, yet hate myself no less,  
For you are pledged to one who but for me  
Had wakened love through very worthiness.

But your eyes speak of love's wild passionate plea,  
And now my soul has taken hold on shame  
And would forego the hard-won heights of fame  
For such an hour as this—for such a love as thine.

## V.

Last night, love, when I kissed you in such wise  
That trembling, dear, and tame as any bird  
By winter tamed, within my arms a prize  
You hung, the while your spirit hovering heard  
The call of mine and flamed to its full height,  
I meant to go from out your face of light,  
But could not stir, mine such a piteous overthrow.

## VI.

Since we must love we will love well, my dear,  
And fearful questioning we'll put to flight.  
God knows our sin is great—Ah, that's so clear :  
Clear as the dawn that drives the drowsy night.  
It may be through our sinning we shall know  
An ampler vision and our souls shall grow  
More perfect since they live in such abounding light.

## VII.

Can we bind love? Give it and take again?  
Is it an evil thing because it falls  
Even as it has fallen on us twain?  
To a man is it given when he calls  
Although he call the night through and the day?  
Yea, though he call and with great fervour pray,  
Yet shall his calling be as beating of hurt wings.



## VIII.

I strive to bind and smother love in vain  
For of all things not one so hard as this ;  
For love in bondage breeds such sickening pain  
That life itself were given for a kiss.  
Ah, what convulsive agonies have swept  
Across my soul since you first smiled and wept  
And found love fair, and worthy of acceptance dear ?

## IX.

Have I not ever been where honour is  
And must I now walk in the ways of shame,  
A bondslave wracked with amorous agonies  
Yet still the challenge in my eyes the same ?  
I once could trust my will in hours of need,  
But now 't is broken even as a reed  
Smitten by heavy hail and worn by many winds.

## X.

My Body and my Soul do find in you  
Such absolute delight that I forget  
To walk the long and narrow paths wherethrough  
Men grope their way to God and bear life's fret  
However heavy and however low.  
In spite of sin I see this great truth glow ;  
Till principles are victors peace is never won.

## XI.

Ah, dear, forgive those thoughtless words of mine,  
Which never had been said had I but known  
They were to drive the sudden bitter brine.  
Nay, weep not ; let me with a kiss atone.  
You dear, sweet woman, with a wondrous heart,  
What is this soul of mine from you apart ?  
A stricken, shuddering thing that flames not, neither  
strives.

## XII.

Yes, then you are a torment and a flame  
That plays about the places of my mind ;  
And though in sleep I oft forget your name  
I surely wake to suffer and to bind  
Mad memories more closely round my brain,  
And like a stricken thing that lives in pain,  
Apart from all once dear, I shudder in the gloom.

## XIII.

Shake back your hair in that imperious way  
That I have learnt to love, and lean to me.  
Withhold your lips one moment while I play  
With this close curl that surely seems to be  
Curled closer since I kissed it overmuch.  
Lift up your throat, let torturing lips now touch ;  
O Love, now let your pulses quicken 'neath my kiss.

## PATRIOTISM AND REASON.

“I have already several times expressed the thought that the feeling of patriotism is in our day an unnatural, irrational and harmful feeling, and is the cause of a great part of the ills from which mankind is suffering.”—TOLSTOY.

“Hobbes, like all other speculative politicians, does not allow for the perplexing irrationality of human kind. As long as the hearts of men are thrilled by the sound of their national hymn and the sight of their national flag, there is little use in asking them to listen to reason.”

—“*The Times*” *Literary Supplement*,  
August 19th, 1904.

MUST we forbid our hearts to thrill and flame,  
 When seen our flag flung proudly on the wind?  
 MUST we deny warm tribute to a name,  
 And hold none dear lest thoughtless love should blind?  
     What sorrier hour and day,  
     Oh, what more hapless morn  
 Divides of night the sway,  
     Than that when we forlorn  
 Forget the names—forget the aims,  
 Remember shames  
 By men like Nelson borne?

Oh, surely God can think it no bad thing  
For men to love the land that first bestowed  
A title proud as any time can bring.  
What antique ancestry heaps prouder load !  
Come out from the sad face  
Of him who holds it dark  
To love the dear birthplace  
Of linnet and of lark.  
O come away ; make no delay  
Lest you betray  
Fair Freedom's Hierarch.

Exult, O England! Isle of rare renown,  
Of freedom loved and lordly punitive;  
All high endeavour finds in thee its crown,  
And of thy sons, though lone and fugitive,  
Must you the first love be,  
For God's men are not yet,  
But liker children free  
Who love with no regret.  
If love did love with reason, it soon would pass  
to treason,  
As season succeeds season,  
And soon would all forget.

Is it to you as nothing that you bear  
An English name, and with that name a debt  
That should be paid if manhood you hold fair?  
Come, give some duty for the good you get.  
Will you let England halt  
While other nations press  
Because you won't exalt  
Your eyes of weariness?  
She has not done, she will not shun  
The task begun  
And she needs you to help her to success.

Oh, why do we not look back on earlier days,  
As we look back upon an old man's prime?  
Think not that England walked in fairer ways  
In years agone than these where now we climb.

Come, let us be strong,

*on /* And go forth *in* our quest,

With gladness and with song,

With joy made manifest :

For England is yet young, and nations proud  
among

She lives the light, and tongue

Of Freedom in her splendour and unrest.



THE FOOLS  
OF  
ANARCHY.

Written after the attempt  
to assassinate the  
King and Queen of Spain,  
May 31st, 1906.

“Our hands are pure. We carried nothing into  
exile save our unstained conscience and our faith.”

—MAZZINI.

By hatred nurtured, led by ignorance dense,  
The fools of Anarchy pursue their trade,  
And urged by Murder hurl the vile grenade  
Before the very face of innocence  
With sorry hope, and sorrier consequence.  
Some noble men have held a high Crusade  
Against the royal race, and deemed their aid  
An evil thing, with naught of excellence,  
Whose hands were pure as hearts by one love led.  
This boy-King and this girl-Queen, putting out  
Their hands towards life's warmth as others may,  
Might well have hoped for joy before the dread  
Of aimless anarchy, their dream should flout  
And leave them wondering and to fear a prey.

## WHEN ONE LOVE BURNT ALONE.

My heart is heavy with remembrance dear,  
Even as eyes that ache with tears unshed :  
For though your message came as comes all fear,  
Unknown, unbidden, and to silence wed,  
It woke the old wild longing once again.  
It was not kind to wake the half-dead pain  
That slumbered as a thing that sleeping might have died.

Ever between my soul and peace you stand,  
And never may I know a small content.  
Yes, though an Angel stooped to take my hand  
I would not go unless your life were spent :  
Then only that I might sooner see your face.  
In other loves I only find disgrace  
For memories of you kill all desire like shame.

What is this life that God has given us ?

A little joy well heaped about with pain.

Desire that leads to paths so perilous

And stirs the pulses of the blood and brain,  
Breeding the bitterness of longing sore,

But makes men as the brutes are with their store  
Of meaner wants, but happier they, not knowing shame.

Though I am sad remembering good things lost—

'T was good to know your kiss my hair among

The while your whispers owned the passionate cost,

And later, on my lips your kiss that stung

For all the sweetness of your mouth was mine,

And overmuch, soon conquered like good wine—

It is some joy to know that you cannot forget.

Yes, there are many women known to me,  
Worthier the wilful worship given you,  
Though lavish with your love and liberty ;  
Yet what can love of woman ever do  
That you at any time did leave undone ?  
Oh what of all the things that Love has won  
Did you not soon unfold and lay down at my feet ?

We crowded half our lives into the days  
When first you lit with splendour all my soul,  
And wandering led me through love's wondrous ways ;  
Where one grows faint and flings aside control ;  
Where passion puts on purple and is proud ;  
Where lesser loves are wrapped as in a shroud,  
And all cast out and claim no place in memory.

I gave you kisses, and I woke in you  
The smouldering sparks of paramount desire,  
For beauty such as yours must soon subdue  
Questioning souls however they aspire.  
Your hair was spread like corn beneath the flail ;  
Your lips in silence surely did prevail ;  
Your soul was given even as your body was.

I do not call on God now you are gone,  
Yet strive to make my soul a cleaner thing,  
Albeit knowing I am overborne  
With memories that sadden me and sting.  
You've taught my soul with all your free fair giving  
That here it may not know a lordlier living  
Than that of bygone days when one love burnt alone.

TO  
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

“To do, to discover, to teach, these three things are all labour, all good, are all necessary.”

—AMIEL'S *Journal Intimé*.

I COME to thee for wisdom and for peace —

To thee whose words and ways were more than good.

What worthier record of a body's lease

Has any man left to his brotherhood?

I fain would walk thy ways, be pure as thou,

Be without blame and wear thy radiant brow,

But paths by thee once trod not trodden overmuch.

O pure and splendid spirit without stain,

Thy fearless faith did fill thy spirit's cup,

And all thy life thou didst so well maintain

High hopes and strength for steadfast reaching up

That Heaven itself not loftier than thy soul,

Over which God alone had full control,

Though Hell not any lower than thy humbleness.

Yea, thou didst choose thy path in no light mood  
As many choose but soon deny their choice  
When trials fall to prove the magnitude  
Of souls that sing but with no certain voice.  
Thou didst submit thy free-born soul to God,  
And railed not 'gainst thy lot or chastening rod  
But went thy way with heart well set on all things high.

Surely thy soul through sinning overmuch  
Was purged of passion in some other times?  
In earlier days an Emperor who did touch  
The lips of half-forgotten joys and crimes,  
And lost his freedom for a thousand years  
But slaked desire—yea, drowned desire with tears,  
And from those sodden ashes rose a purer soul.

HÉLOÏSE  
TO  
ABELARD.

“ In age we'll sigh  
O'er the wild reckless wicked days flown over.”  
—BROWNING.

I.

YES, I must long remember,  
And you can't soon forget  
For still some dying ember  
Must flame and flicker yet.

II.

Yes, flame and fiercely burn  
As memories burn in me  
When I so madly yearn  
For joys that cannot be.



## III.

What tears in grievous plight  
That fall adown a face  
Can half so gently smite  
As your lips yielding grace ?

## IV.

What are my lips to thee,  
And what to thee are mine,  
That meeting they should be  
As draughts of rarest wine ?

## V.

I cannot tell thee this ;  
I do not care to see ;  
Enough to know thy kiss—  
To know the sweets of thee.

## VI.

O what would I not give,  
O what would I not do,  
Those hours again to live  
When known the sweets of you.

## VII.

You feel my hair about your face,  
The pressure of your hands I feel ;  
You steal my soul through your embrace,  
Another kiss I gently steal.

## VIII.

Ah, God ! what memories rise in me  
That I would purge and have renewed.  
Dear Christ ! I cast myself on Thee  
A soul all whelmed, disgraced, subdued.

THE CALL  
OF  
THE SEA.

“I send my heart up to thee, all my heart  
In this my singing.”

—BROWNING.

THE sea calls as a thing that is  
All one with pain and loss,  
And mourns and moans for ecstasies  
That sweep the soul across.  
The sea hides not its wild unrest  
And I will not hide mine.  
Many a wave with wilful crest  
A rebel must repine.  
I see them surge—I see them merge  
As half returning they entice  
The pebbles that must mark the verge  
Where seen the solemn sacrifice  
Of Nature with her chastening scourge  
By day and by night.

The sea sighs as a weary soul  
That never may attain  
The fair ideal that saints extol  
And urge all men to gain.  
The sea has never any shame  
It flings to Heaven its laughter,  
And what on earth its wrath can tame  
When waves come tumbling after ?

In my ears the noise of a maddened sea,  
And on my face the rain,  
But never I think was my heart less free—  
My heart less free from pain,  
Than it is to-night, in the pale moon's light  
With Nature raging round me ;  
For though I know the tide must flow  
And the tide must ebb again,  
I know that we can never be  
As one now we are twain.

I did not know—I could not guess  
    What your going meant to me,  
But now I know that not more wild  
    The calling of the sea,  
Than the longing, and the calling  
    Of this my soul for thee

LINES WRITTEN  
AFTER A VISIT TO  
ST. HELENA.

“I bequeath the infamy of my death to the  
reigning family of England.”

—NAPOLEON.

I.

THIS rock from out the Ocean rises sheer,  
And at its base no waves on sands make game.  
A jealous, blue, untroubled sea shews clear,  
And hugs this monument of England's shame  
Which man may never cancel—no, nor hide.  
I looked on St. Helena with no pride  
Remembering how Napoleon lived and suffered there.

## II.

Yea, on the very forehead of our fame

We wear this one brand that must burn away

Because we quite forgot our ancient aim,

And, paltering, let fear prompt us to betray

Our noblest foe, who thought our record such

That fallen men might trust us overmuch ;

So gave himself as one might give in highest faith.

## III.

Big fools belittle, lesser fools decry ;

Yet glory surely gathers round that name,

As men once gathered round those Eagles high

Which we led on to conquest and to fame.

If those should rule who are distinguished well

By high degrees of spirit—who can quell

Temptation by strong will, then such as he should rule.

## IV.

No small ambition urged him—'t was his hope  
'Mong nations free to stand the arbiter.  
France! What was France when he began to cope  
With all the fell disorder ravening her?  
The Gadarean swine were not more blind,  
Nor yet possessed of devils of worse kind  
Than thou, O France, before Napoleon came to curb.

## V.

He set his heart on glory when a boy,  
And saw no other star so worthy love;  
And though his soul was not without alloy  
'T was strong, and great so many souls above.  
Not pious, no—with work like his to do  
How could he be? Had he on Plutarch's view  
Burst as he did on Europe's, other pages were.



TO  
GEORGE  
FREDERICK WATTS.

“The good want power, but to weep barren tears.  
The powerful goodness want : worse need for them.”  
(Prometheus Unbound) SHELLEY.

“In order that man may receive the life of  
Heaven, it is necessary that he should live in the  
world, and engage in its business and its employ-  
ments, and then by moral and civil life receive  
spiritual life.”

—SWEDENBORG.

OF all thy Sons, O England! who so dear  
As he the pioneer,  
The patriot and painter pure in aim,  
Who loved so well thy name  
That all for thee his soul was held as is a spear?  
  
Given of God the grace that made him strong  
To hate all wilful wrong.  
A spear made splendid by the hand that hurled  
Its glories on the world,  
To flame as comets flame the stricken sky along.

Have we no praise for him whose splendid soul  
    In Freedom's Capitol  
Did make a home and beacons from afar  
    To such as kingly are !  
O come, let us though exiles all his worth extol,

O Beauty ! thou whose bounteous glories burst  
    Upon the soul athirst  
To feel thy sweet imparadising grace,  
    Didst thou not shew thy face  
To him who but for thee were for dark sins amerced ?

Ah, not of those who churn out prayers, and sighs,  
    And scarce uplift their eyes  
So heavily life weighs on their weary hearts  
    Wert thou, whose work imparts  
A sense of power, and points to noblest enterprise.

A strong man striving for the best, and good,  
    In humble gratitude ;  
Proud with the pride that scorns all littleness  
    And hating low success  
He found in Beauty's service some beatitude.

No unavailing tears are shed for thee  
    Whose name must ever be  
Linked to the names that are a nation's pride ;  
    And live the light, and guide,  
To all lone souls that seek like men who cannot see.

Great thoughts shall quicken into deeds of fame  
    When heard of youth thy name.  
No lustral water cleanses like the fire  
    That did thy soul inspire.  
No priest in Art's high priesthood fed a purer flame.

## LOVE DISPOSSESSED.

“ And can I ever bid these joys farewell ?  
Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life,  
Where I may find the agonies, the strife  
Of human hearts.”

—KEATS.

I HAVE done with thee, Love, and thy ways ;  
I have done with thy pleasures and pains :  
Yea, my brows have been crowned with thy bays,  
And my lips have grown red from thy stains.

Although many the paths that are better,  
There are none that are fairer, I ween ;  
For though love be but worn like a fetter  
It is sweeter than all that has been.

Though I turn from the joys that you render  
To all lovers who kneel at thy shrine,  
I am sad, and I grieve and grow tender  
When I think of those lovers of mine.

Ah, the numbers who never have known  
All the griefs and the glories of love  
Will they long for love's languors alone.  
When they move in a Heaven above ?

If our deeds are as holy as Heaven  
When our thoughts are but darker than Hell,  
Can they serve any soul as a leaven ?  
Can they make or unmake and impel ?

## NO FEAR OF DEATH.

A protest against Mr. George Meredith's statement that the fear of death is the real cause of the objection to conscription in this country.

YES, proud with all a lover's princely pride  
    To feel myself allied  
To England's heritage of glorious fame—  
    Bearing an English name,  
I blushed to hear one wrong our wilful blood  
    That late was poured in flood,  
Where now, in many a place, grows greener grass  
    On kopje and in pass ;  
The earth well knowing what is rare and good,  
    Repays, as all men should.  
Not that our courage fails, that cannot be.  
    Death must have smiled to see  
The hopeless, helpless, fearless groping hands  
    That sought to tear the bands  
From off his eyes so eager some to die,  
    Feeling dishonour nigh.

England may yield for sons some stubborn fools,  
    Yet still the old race rules.  
Albeit liking not compulsive sway,  
    As in an earlier day,  
They liked not Papacy and held it dark,  
    And no good thing to mark  
The height of English thought ; yet would they serve,  
    With blood and brain, and nerve  
If England needed them to head the fight ;  
    With death forgotten quite,  
As the shame of a maid is forgotten when Mother-  
    hood flames into sight.

## WASTED HOURS.

It is easy enough to be great  
When the noble are by us to cheer  
But what of the soul and its fate  
If the base and the little but sneer ?  
We give them a smile for their sneering ;  
No courage to show them our scorn,  
But we pay overmuch for our fearing  
With the shame that is ours with the morn.

Is there time, is there room, for our souls  
To enlarge, to enrich, and enshield  
If a longing for small things controls  
And subverts, and subjects till they yield ?  
Oh, what of the barriers we build  
Our souls and all full life atween  
When we cheat ourselves thinking them filled ;  
They being empty and no more clean.



There is shame at our hearts ever burning,  
As love burns at the heart of a maid,  
Because of the steps we are turning  
Into paths where our pleasures are laid.  
“From the places of folly come out”  
Is the cry of our souls in despair  
But in hearing we heed not or doubt  
For the canker has come unaware.

## A REPLY.

“Mr. Bland’s poems show study of the poets and appreciation of poetry, but do not convince one that the author has himself any message for the world.”

*Morning Leader*, Aug. 8th, 1904.

“God must be glad one loves his world so much.”—BROWNING.

'T is true my songs tell no new truths to men :  
Ah, who am I that I as yet should dare  
To give the world a message with my pen ?  
I grope as others grope who seek the stair  
Which leads to heights where Latmos shows less fair,  
And grieve not finding Hope’s great flag unfurled.  
Let it suffice that I do not despair,  
But steadfast do believe that all upcurled  
Lies ultimate perfection sleeping in the world.

I can't but think that there are truths enow,  
If we would seek like strong men seeking light.  
What of the brains which no strong wills endow  
To guide the soul and surely lead aright?  
Small candles troubled on a windy night.

What of the brains that feeding starve the heart  
And but engender deadly aconite.

Of pride and scorn, strong hate's low counterpart?  
Pools deep, and seeming fair, where foul things  
lurk and dart.

So many dreaming quite forget to live,  
So many preaching quite forget to sing ;  
And many take and all forget to give ;  
And oh ! what numbers love not anything.  
Ah, what to them the glories of the Spring—  
The beauties Autumn ever must put on?  
No glad response that love will surely bring  
Will give a glimpse of Hope's fair horizon,  
And they shall be as clouds that move the heavens  
upon.

'T is not so much through ignorance we err  
As through weak wills that cannot choose aright.  
Can Knowledge rule when lovely lips of her  
Upon a drunkard's will-wrecked brow alight ?  
Fair Knowledge linked to Shame : a piteous sight.  
To all lone souls aspiring I would say  
Strengthen the Will through little acts though slight ;  
Impose some task that is fulfilled each day  
And then when God imposes one thou canst obey.

If grief or gladness shake my soul with song,  
As winds shake blossoms hiding new-born fruit,  
Then must I sing and ever would prolong  
Those hours too few when lips of mine not mute ;  
But cannot sit and scrape a stranger's lute  
As many do who think their muse may rust  
Unless their pens drive daily o'er some route.  
I live my life ; joy, grieve and know disgust,  
As blossoms on the hedgerows grieve amid the dust.

THE MASSACRE  
IN ST. PETERSBURG,  
SUNDAY, JAN. 22, 1905.

“God works in all things ; all obey  
His first propulsion, from the night ;  
Wake thou and watch !—the world is grey  
With morning light.”—WHITTIER.

TRIUMPHANT Tyranny that loves to tread  
Upon the necks of helpless men, wishing them slaves,  
Has now his hour and smiles despite the graves  
He walks among—despite the salt tears shed.  
But Justice soon will lift her lonely head  
And Tyranny, whose very touch depraves,  
Shall lose his courage that so oft outbraves,  
And shrink as must a thing with blood all red.

Of no avail guns, or the noise of them,  
Nor any awful thing that they may do ;  
For every bullet lodged about a heart  
A jewel is in Freedom's diadem.  
Though Tyrants laugh as any hell-born crew  
The cry of murdered men must play its part.

PEACE  
AND  
PASSION.

“O pale, my lady, and were you death,  
Kissing away the soul's own breath,  
I would follow, for all cold Reason saith  
Even where Ruin raveneth !”—RODEN NOEL.

THY beauty well might hold a saint in fee,  
For though he saw the devil in thine eyes,  
To him more sweet than glimpse of paradise,  
The tale told there of passion's princely plea.  
My soul cries out on peace, and yet to thee  
I yield like one not strong or overwise  
And hug the hopes, that now reluctant rise,  
That peace may come where peace can never be.

Yea, for a little time I will forget  
The self-contempt implanting bitter scorn.  
Though now I don't relent or seek relief,  
And do not now remember or regret,  
I know full well that many thoughts unborn  
Will give me up to shame and hours of grief.

NICHOLAS II.,  
CZAR OF  
ALL THE RUSSIAS.

“Let no man therefore believe, that anything which he has thought in himself, and secretly done, can remain secret after death.”—SWEDENBORG.

“The worst of all tyrannies is the tyranny of Cowards.”—TOCQUEVILLE.

WHAT place among the living less preferred  
Than that which he so erringly has earned?  
And after death what faces will be turned  
To see him pass to judgment long deferred.  
Though none of all those gathered there be stirred,  
Their eyes must tell of agony that burned  
At heavy hearts when half the truth they learned—  
Yes, only half when volley on volley heard.  
Ah, not in any aftertime shall peace—  
Calm peace, a thing not easier won than fame—  
Be at his heart, for fear that now is there  
Must be a thing that living shall not cease:  
And even should it die disastrous shame  
Would make him own his burden hard to bear.

*January 20th, 1905.*

**TO  
KEATS.**

**Written after reading  
the Poet's Letters.**

“His own estimate must be measure enough,  
his own praise reward enough for him.”—EMERSON.

You deemed the earth more fair in earlier days  
And gave us glimpses of the Gods of Greece  
Who in our tongue, of life took longer lease,  
So magical your pen with word and phrase.  
Ah! happier you not walking in the ways  
Of such events as shamed on earth all peace;  
Content to know that Beauty cannot cease  
But is for ever—ever in Man's gaze.

Your letters all a nobler spirit breathe  
Than do your poems, splendid though they be,  
And quite disprove the stories some did wreathe  
About the breaking of your poet-heart.  
Your soul too strong, too glorious and free  
To let abuse a fatal sting impart.



## THE QUEST OF BEAUTY.

THIS quest of Beauty breeds such bitter dole,  
And ends in places peace can never grace,  
For though we find in some fair lady's face  
The glory that must stir the inmost soul,  
And our hearts burn with longing to extol  
The beauty seen, what profits such a case?  
Ah, what is passionate love if we outpace  
Our chosen one when toiling to the goal?

The gracious tenderness of women is  
So very sweet—ah, well I know how sweet—  
But yet there are some nobler agonies  
Than love's, I ween, that earnest souls must greet.  
Go forth to fight and let thy will be strong,  
And thou shalt win the place where peace reigns long.

## DESPAIR.

“Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)  
 To scorn delights and live laborious days.”

—MILTON, “Lycidas.”

LIPS invoke and souls aspire always.

When musing on the greatness toil hath won  
 Those minds whose deeds illumine, while ages run,  
 Fame's pinnacle, at thy lone heart there lay  
 Great hopelessness, and night through and the day  
 Wild, dolesome voices cry :—“Thou art undone !  
 Thou canst not gaze on such a blinding sun ;  
 Nor climb to summits so remote, so grey.”

Then humbly raise thy head and answer make :—

“This mind infirm, and feebler will, decree,  
 Too well, that I may never hope to slake  
 My thirst for fame ; yet shall my life e'er be  
 Changeless endeavour this weak soul to wake  
 Deserving proved the chrism of victory.”

CHATTERTON  
ON DETERMINING TO  
COMMIT SUICIDE.

ONCE more with rage in my heart I'm thrown  
    Back on myself alone :  
So to thy kingdom, O Death ! with unbowed head,  
    With no wild prayer late said,  
I come unfalteringly, fearless, unafraid  
    Like one who having paid  
A heavy price for his peace takes with no thanks.

Thou should'st be glad and delight that one so young  
    Should come thy world among :  
One who has striven to make his soul a thing  
    Clean as a dove's white wing—  
Attuned to beauty and truth and all things fair ;

Grown tired of seeing so many little souls  
    Creep where thy breath controls—  
Grown tired of finding so many dark and foul,  
    Of hearing numbers howl ;  
It must be better to see one walk as I  
    Now walk with head full high,  
With scorn unsmothered at heart and eyes aflame.

Here is an end to my singing and my pain ;  
    An end to my short reign.

## TRIAL.

“When life ceases to be a promise, it does not  
cease to be a task ; its true name even is Trial.”

—AMIEL'S *Journal In Time*.

AH, never on earth as the gods are we,  
Content and simply glad to be ;  
For turbulent blood is a thing that throws  
The spirit back howe'er it glows.

Ah, seldom a sin but its source was seen  
Where wilful blood was working teen ;  
But what were a man if all passionless ?  
And what were life without stress ?

Ah, never a sorrow but hidden there  
A seed that grows through all despair ;  
For what were the night if it never gave  
Promise of dawn and light we crave ?

Though many the spirits who find this world  
A place where Hope's fair flag is furled,  
And empty of joys or the chance of one,  
There still remains a task undone.

Ah, seldom was faith e'er so justified  
As 't is to-day by turning tide  
Of science, that having a hold on truth  
Will see the world renew its youth.

Though ever this world an imperfect place,  
A training ground for a Godlike race,  
The ultimate triumph of spirit is  
Certain as Death's dread energies.

**A  
CHOICE.**

**Alfred De Musset to George Sand,  
after she had left him and was living in  
Venice with Pietro Pagello.**

So you've chosen a fool for your lover, dear—  
You with a soul of flame.

Have you made him a man with your godlike cheer  
That conquers more than shame ?

Can a fool like your lover rejoice to greet  
The strength of your desire ?

Ah, your heart must now beat as a bird may beat  
'Gainst little bars of wire.

When our spirits once flamed at a festival  
Of love that held high place,  
Ah, we knew that our joy was the best of all  
The joys in life's keen race.

There was never a kiss that you gave me, dear,  
I did not own full sweet ;  
And you never could sigh but my heart would hear—  
My soul you could not cheat.

## TWO BURDENS.

If you must love, love well ;  
    Love one and love no other :  
Though you take hold on Hell  
    Great love you will not smother.  
Ah, love is no light thing  
    To treat with some light laughter  
The best the soul can bring ;  
    The best of all things good ;  
The best that comes hereafter  
    In gleams of gratitude  
Take up, lay down and leave  
    At love's fair long-kissed feet :  
Rejoice, and later grieve  
    But own your burden sweet.



If you of love grown tired—  
    Grown tired of griefs and stings  
From joys fulfilled, desired,  
    Set thoughts on higher things ;  
Know that your freedom lies  
    Down ways not wide but long  
Where with exalted eyes  
    Many have gone alone  
In darkness with no song  
    Though heard life's undertone.  
If shorn of strength by sorrow  
    And hopeless is your mood  
Sleep well and rise to-morrow,  
    And own your burden good.

THE  
SCANDAL-BEARER.

You come to me with your stories  
    And publish another's shame :  
Is your life such a record of glories  
    That you have a right to defame  
The feeblest spirit flickering in a mortal frame ?

## REGRET AND WEARINESS.

WHEN weary lids unbidden gently close  
O'er eyes that fain would welcome fair repose,  
We bid them ope while musing we bemoan  
A fruitless day and wasted past upthrown.

TOO LATE—  
A SONG.

“ We said that hope was dead  
So many years ago ;  
We planned to make her bed  
Where all the sweet flowers blow,  
To lay her quiet head  
Where the long grasses grow.”  
—PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

## I.

I LAY my songs where long hath lain  
My heart with more than music filled.  
I give them with no thought of gain,  
For all my hopes were long since killed.

## II.

This gift the last I give to thee,  
None other have I left to give,  
And though my songs unworthy be  
O let them in thy memory live.

## III.

O love, dear love, if these my songs  
    Could stir the pulses of thy heart,  
The wasted hours that grief prolongs  
    Should nevermore fulfil a part.

## IV.

If only I had sooner come,  
    Had you been free to hear me plead,  
It may be you had not been dumb  
    When ardent love did intercede.

## V.

O long, too long, though lost to me,  
    Must this my heart remember, dear.  
O soon, too soon, forgot by thee  
    My little songs you will not hear.

## VI.

Ah, nevermore shall I be glad  
As I was glad ere meeting thee ;  
But evermore a little sad  
Though gentler grief must fall on me.

## VII.

I grieve no more, for grief to me  
Brings memories of other wrongs ;  
I care not if you smile or be  
A little glad to hear my songs.

## VIII.

I lay them as a crown is laid  
With reverence in splendid state—  
Down at thy feet, amid the slain,  
Where lies my heart that came too late.

TO  
A CERTAIN  
PEDANT.

“The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head.”

—POPE.

AH, what have you gained by your learning?

Is your body a thing to see?

Your soul does it flame with a yearning—

With a passionate wonder free?

Or do you laugh at the wonder that fills the heart  
of me?

You have learned enough from the schools.

Have you learned anything from life?

Lit love in the passionate pools

Of the eyes of a maid or wife?

And known the struggles that strengthen the soul that's  
born to strife?

Has poverty brought you its shame  
That is hid 'neath a humble guise,  
And made you a thing and a name  
For the laughter of fools and wise?  
And fed your soul with a scorn that must flame in  
heart and eyes?



## LOVE AND PASSION.

“Loving is feeling the delight of another in one’s self ; but feeling one’s own delight in another, and not that other’s delight in one’s self, is not loving.”—SWEDENBORG.

ALTHOUGH I would not tell you this,  
To me as nothing is your kiss :  
Your lips so red, your lustrous eyes  
Have smiled and told too many lies.

Though Beauty be a thing of might  
It cannot blind the soul’s strong sight ;  
I do not think that love can do  
The miracle of moving you.

Ah yes, desire in flames may leap  
And even urge your eyes to weep,  
But never may you know the joy  
Of feeling love without alloy.

Come, take your lips from off my mouth ;  
My soul grows faint beneath such drouth :  
I should become a thing like you  
If once your kisses overthrew.

TO——

I KNOW your secret and you know I know,  
But yet your eyes look bravely with no sign.  
Your beauty is more perfect since love's glow,  
That swept your Soul with glory half-divine,  
Did make it one with passion and despair.  
Your Soul of all Souls sinning is most rare  
For it has found a sin that feeds while strangling love.

You need not fear that any smile, or word,  
Glance, or the shoulder's shrug from me shall tell  
The secret kept since first your Soul was stirred  
With passion that has led you on to hell.  
It is enough that your proud heart should be  
Stung with a shame that surges like the Sea  
Till your bliss shrinks to nothingness, and grief grows  
strong.

Did hunger at the heart or light desire

Prompt your mind to yield to madness you deplore?  
Or did you fear that life like any fire

That flames to height then dies to flame no more,  
Should pass you by and leave one other Soul  
To call through bitter sobs and bitter dole  
In silence, and at night, on God who answers not?

Did you so soon grow tired of chastity

And put it from you as you would your dress?  
A thing that made you gracious, and so free :

By women worn as men wear nobleness.

Ah, God ! your sweet Soul must have madly striven  
To rive the bitter bonds not easily riven  
When love has all the heart, and passion lordship too.

TO——

YEA, grief consumes the very heart of me,  
And I am stricken, love, with longing sore ;  
While these my lips that I have kept for thee  
So wildly now their barrenness deplore.  
Though they are barren of the swift, sure bliss  
They knew when flaming redder 'neath thy bliss  
They cannot all forget the kingdom they have known.

Thy beauty is a thing that stabs and burns.  
Thy mouth so sweet that bitterness grows there,  
For thy kiss smites the sense until it yearns ;  
And, oh, thy hair, the fragrance of thy hair !  
Ah, that is crueller than all things cruel  
That have for guerdon love, and sighs for fuel,  
For I should stir though dead if on my face it fell.

Thy hands too through their shapeliness have held  
    Dominion in the regions of delight ;  
And madly strained in mine have oft impelled  
    My blood to quicken to one pulse of might,  
When my lips lay upon thee for a sign  
    That granted us the Chalice and the Wine  
Of passion passing fair and lordlier far than death.

Thine Eyes ! how can I celebrate thine Eyes ?  
    Two lamps before the ark of Beauty set  
To lighten ways of them that solemnise.  
    I would not have them that they might forget  
In such a sanctuary such love as mine,  
    And be for ever glories in that shrine  
While I in outer courts might wildly call in vain.

Dear, I have thought that we might make of life  
Something less puny than the lives we see  
Lived round us here, so hedged in from all strife  
That Souls on lease now for Eternity  
Have little room to grow in and be strong.  
I would not have thee saintly overlong,  
But large in all thy thinking, and in feeling too.

## HAVE THEY SPOILT YOU SO?

AH, little lady, have they spoilt you so,  
Those laughing lovers who once found you fair?  
Too gentle, and too delicate to know

The grossness and the baseness some men wear.  
Though nevermore your beauty shall delight,  
A fairer thing you are in my soul's sight  
Knowing all bitterness yet not all bitter grown.

What kinder thing than death could visit you  
Of all the things now left your soul to know?  
It having been such foul and dark ways through  
Calm death would come in beauty with no throe.  
To those who suffer grievous loss, and pain,  
And bow beneath the burden on them lain,  
What fairer and more dear than death that comes like sleep







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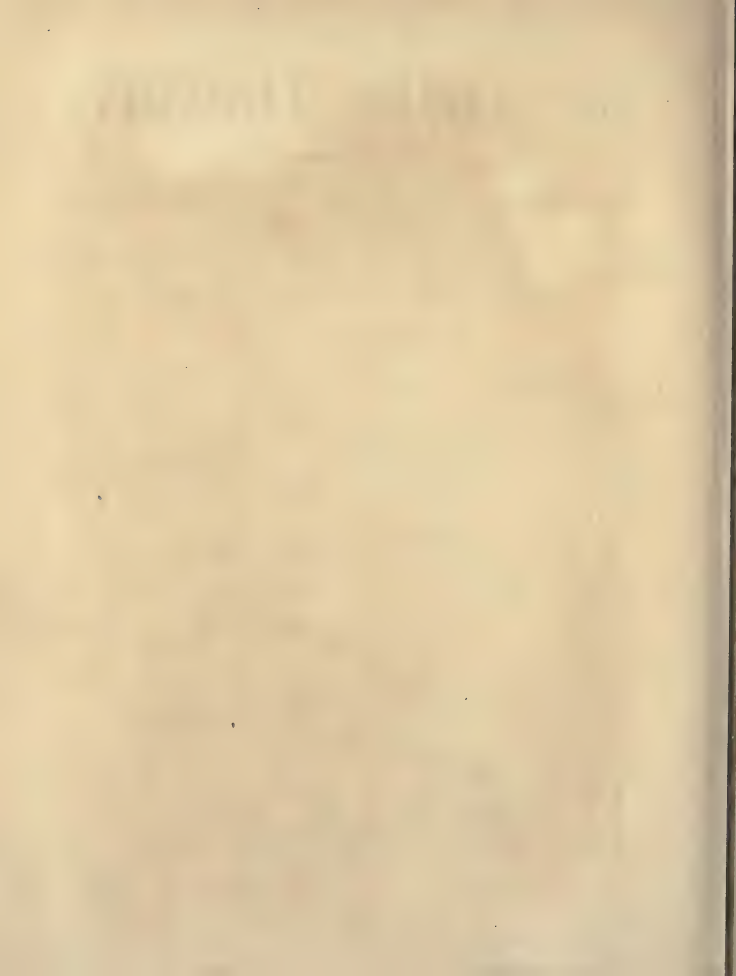
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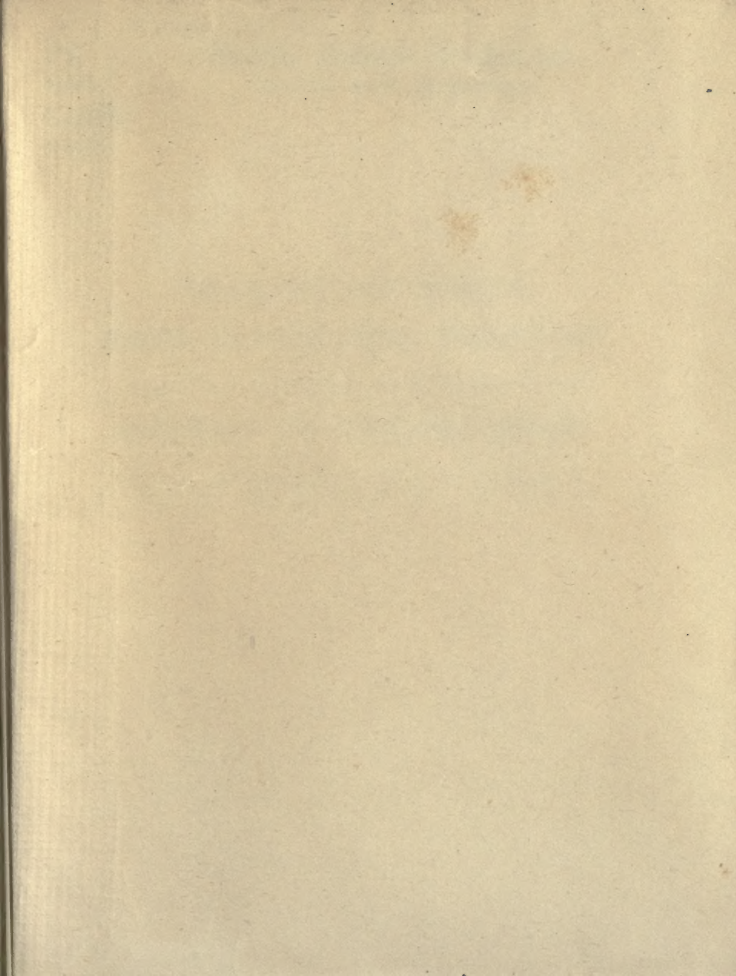
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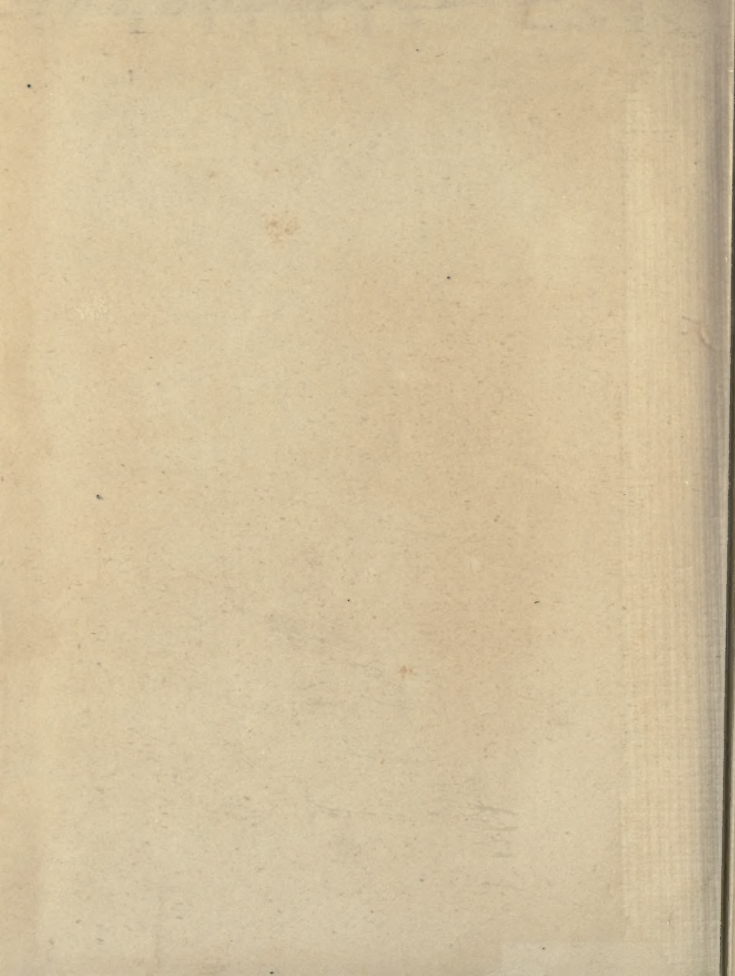
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